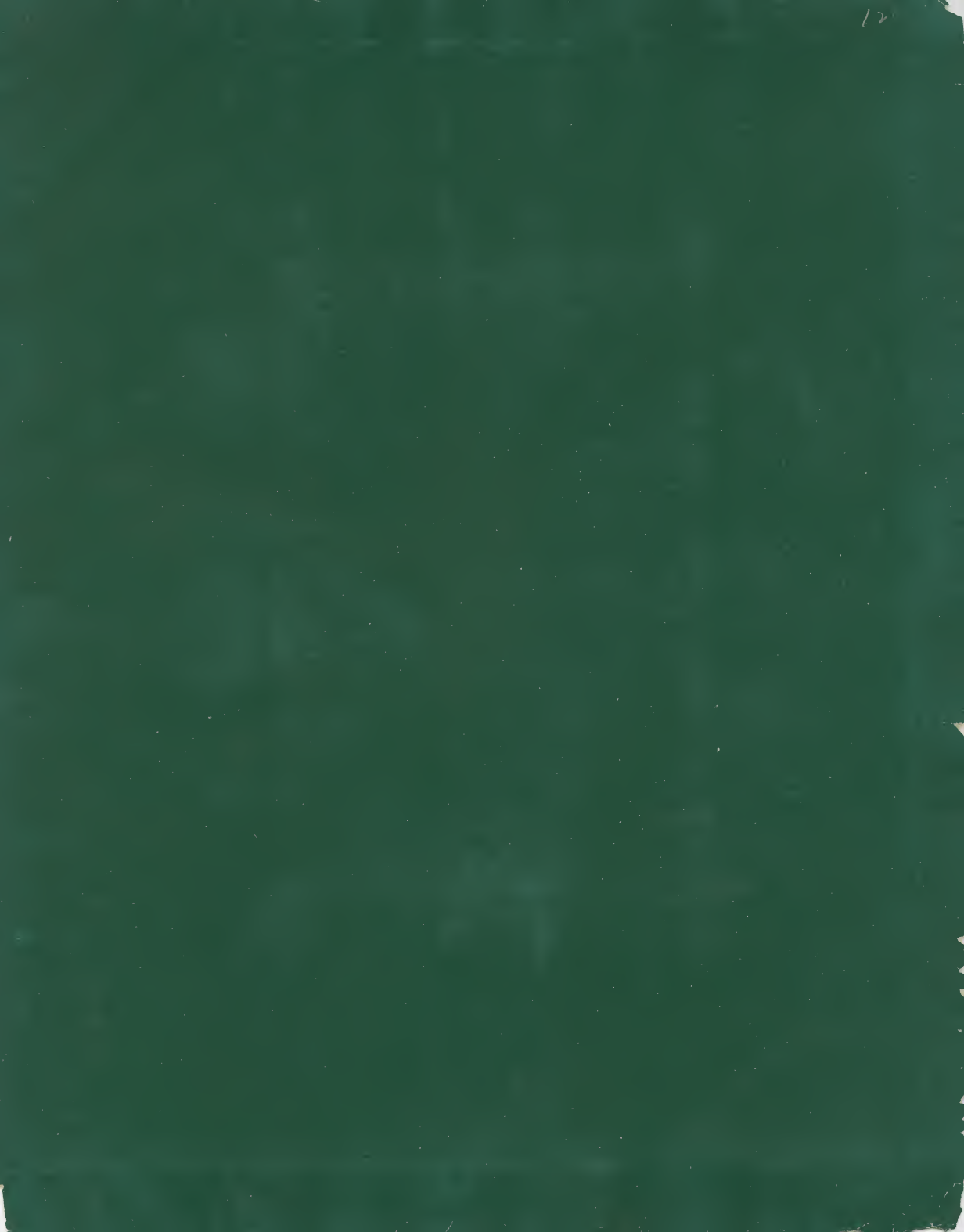


PICTURES
OF
EDGEWOOD.



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PICTURES OF EDGEWOOD.



Rockwood Plot

839 Broadway N.Y.

Don't G. Mitchell



PICTURES OF EDGEWOOD

IN

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS,

BY ROCKWOOD,

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE TEXT,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY FARM OF EDGEWOOD."

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER AND COMPANY.
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PICTURES OF EDGEWOOD.

THAT the owner of a farm, which for thirteen years has made for him a quiet country-home, should feel strong interest in its trees, its grassy surface, and its views, and believe them all very charming and worthy of admiration, is, I think, most natural; and though I have not the presumption to suppose that the public at large will show the same interest in such common affairs, yet I have found the views of Mr. Rockwood so capitally done, that I have ventured to bind them up in this little book—of which only three hundred copies are printed—in the belief that they will meet a kindly reception from those who were entertained by the previous account of the Farm of Edgewood, as well as by those who, with country-homes of their own, are never tired of comparing their own improvements with the improvements of their neighbors.

Edgewood is in no sense a model farm; nor have I endeavored to make it such. Indeed, for several years I have given over to other and experienced parties the agricultural management of such portions as required systematic tillage, reserving only the hills and

woods. I have sought chiefly to make an enjoyable and inexpensive country-home, where crops, if cultivated, should pay at least the full cost of production — where children should have ample and free range — where tree-planting could be carried on year by year without interference with farm-culture; and by thinning of the forest-growth, and opening roads to portions previously inaccessible, I have sought to prepare the property for such final uses as its situation, near to the city, and within hearing of its bells and full sight of its spires, seemed to suggest. Little or no labor has been given to nicely gravelled walks, or to the rearing of exotics; nor has there been any expenditure architecturally further than the absolute wants of the farm have demanded.

The lesson which, most of all, I have sought to teach — and every man's experience of thirteen years upon a country-place ought to teach something — has been this: that very many charms of a country-home can be compassed by very simple means, and that a large array of what are termed landscape beauties can be secured without conflict with the economic management of the farm. Neither grading, nor terracing, nor rare plants, nor extravagant drainage are essential to the attainment of those beauties and those beatitudes of country-life which will wear and win day by day and year after year. It is amazing what can be wrought in this way upon a slatternly farm, by simple readjustment of enclosures, of crops, and of trees. A little deft handling of screening shrubbery or vines will shed grace over the roughest portions, and care, and manuring, and rolling, and a thicket or two of native wood, will straightway turn the old home-patch of meadow into a lawn where

the children may frolic, and the trees lay their quaint shadows night and morning.

Two or three ground-plans of the farm — or of such portions as are contiguous to the house — have been introduced, in the hope of giving a more clear conception of the character of the improvements which have been undertaken, and of the changes which have been wrought. In one of these, the more extended views have been indicated; and in another, those special scenes which are the subjects of the photographic prints. In connection with these latter as they severally appear, I have introduced such passages from the book previously alluded to (*Farm of Edgewood*) as should serve in a measure to explain them, and to revive the interest of those who were good enough to find entertainment in that earlier record of my farm-experience.

I.

APPROACH FROM THE NORTH.

THIS view is from a point beside the highway, and—like all the others—was taken in the month of May, when there was but scant leafage upon the trees. It gives a hint of that awkward nearness to the public road which belonged to very many old farm-houses of its date; and yet, by reason of the quiet of the road, and a belt of encircling shrubbery, the grievance is reduced to very small limits.

I quote the story of my first visit to this locality—of the circumstances of the purchase, and a brief description of the house, which has not been changed in its exterior aspect since that day.

“One after another the hopes I had built upon my hatful of responses, failed me. June was bursting every day into fuller and more tempting leafiness. The stifling corridors of city hotels, the mouldy smell of country taverns, the dependence upon testy Jehus, who plundered and piloted me through all manner of out-of-the-way places, became fatiguing beyond measure.

“And it was precisely at this stage of my inquiry, that I happened accidentally to be passing a day at the Tontine inn, of the charming city of N—h—. (I use initials only, in way of respectful

courtesy for the home of my adoption.) The old drowsy quietude of the place which I had known in other days, still lingered upon the broad green, while the mimic din of trade rattled down the tidy streets, or gave tongue in the shrill whistle of an engine. The college still seemed dreaming out its classic beatitudes, and the staring rectangularity of its enclosures and buildings and paths seemed to me only a proper expression of its old geometric and educational traditions.

“Most people know this town of which I speak, only as a scudding whirl of white houses, succeeded by a foul sluiceway, that runs along the reeking backs of shops, and ends presently in gloom. A stranger might consider it the darkness of a tunnel, if he did not perceive that the railway-train had stopped, and presently catch faint images of a sooty stairway, begrimed with smoke, up and down which dim figures pass to and fro, and from the foot of which, and the side of which, and all around which, a score of belching voices break out in a passionate chorus of shouts: as the eye gains upon the sootiness and gloom, it makes out the wispy, wavy lines of a few whips moving back and forth amid the uproar of voices; it lights presently upon the star of a policeman, who seems altogether in his element in the midst of the hurly-burly. Becloaked and shawled figures enter and pass through the carriages; they may be black, or white, or gray, or kinsfolk — you see nothing but becloaked figures passing through; portmanteaus fall with a slump, and huge dressing-cases fall with a slam, upon what seems, by the ear, to be pavement; luggage-trucks keep up an uneasy rattle; brakemen somewhere in still lower depths strike dinning blows

upon the wheels, to test their soundness; newsboys, moving about the murky shades like piebald imps, lend a shrill treble to the uproar; the policeman's star twinkles somewhere in the foreground, upon the begrimed stairway, figures flit mysteriously up and down, there is the shriek of a steam-whistle somewhere in the front; a shock to the train; a new deluge of smoke rolls back and around newsboys, police, cabmen, stairway, and all; there is a crazy shout of some official, a jerk, a dash — figures still flitting up and down the sooty stairway — and so, a progress into day (which seemed never more welcome). Again the backs of shops, of houses, heaps of debris, as if all the shop-people and all the dwellers in all the houses were fed only on lobsters and other shellfish; a widening of the sluice, a gradual recovery of position to the surface of the ground — in time to see a few tall chimneys, a great hulk of rock, with something glistening on its summit, a turbid river bordered with sedges, a clump of coquettish pine-trees — and the conductor tells you all this is the beautiful city of N—h—.

“The natural impression of a stranger would be, that the city was situated upon a considerable eminence, which had required deep boring for the proper adjustment of levels. The impression would be an unjust one; in all that dreary sink of a station, there is no height involved except the height of corporate niggardliness.* The town is as level as Runnimeade.

* With a spasm of liberality, the authorities have latterly opened upon this railroad-station one or two sunken windows, so that it may now be regarded as one of the best-lighted cellars in this country; and if its capacity were equal to the housing of more than two cars, it would be more tolerable than it is.

"A friend called upon me shortly after my arrival, and learning the errand upon which I had been scouring no inconsiderable tract of country, proposed to me to linger a day more, and take a drive about the suburbs. I willingly complied with his invitation; though I must confess that my idea of the suburbs, colored as it was by old recollections of college-walks over dead stretches of level, in order to find some quiet copse, where I might bandy screams with a bluejay, in rehearsal of some college theme — all this, I say, moderated my expectations.

"It seems but yesterday that I drove from among the tasteful houses of the town, which since my boy-time had crept far out upon the margin of the plain. It seems to me that I can recall the note of an oriole, that sang gushingly from the limbs of an overreaching elm as we passed. I know I remember the stately, broad road we took, and its smooth, firm macadam. I have a fancy that I compared it in my own mind, and not unfavorably, with the metal of a road which I had driven over only two months before in the environs of Liverpool. I remember a somewhat stately country-house that we passed, whose architecture dissolved any illusions I might have been under in regard to my whereabouts. I remember turning slightly, perhaps to the right, and threading the ways of a neat little manufacturing village, — catching views of waterfalls, of tall chimneys, of open pasture-grounds; and remember bridges, and other bridges, and how the village straggled on with its neat white palings and whiter houses, with honeysuckles at the doors; and how we skirted a pond, where the pads of lilies lay all idly afloat; and how a great hulk of rock loomed up suddenly near

a thousand feet, with dwarfed cedars and oaks tufting its crevices, tufting its top, and how we drove almost beneath it, so that I seemed to be in Meyringen again, and to hear the dash of the foaming Reichenbach; and how we ascended again, drifting through another limb of the village, where the little churches stood; and how we sped on past neat white houses, — rising gently, — skirted by hedgerows of tangled cedars, and presently stopped before a grayish-white farmhouse, where the air was all aflow with the perfume of great purple spikes of lilacs. And thence—though we had risen so little I had scarce noticed a hill—we saw all the spires of the city we had left, two miles away as a bird flies, and they seemed to stand cushioned on a broad bower of leaves; and to the right of them, where they straggled and faded, there came to the eye a white burst of water which was an arm of the sea; beyond the harbor and town was a purple hazy range of hills, — in the foreground a little declivity, and then a wide plateau of level land, green and lusty with all the wealth of June sunshine. I had excuse to be fastidious in the matter of landscape, for within three months I had driven on Richmond hill, and had luxuriated in the valley-scene from the *côte* of St. Cloud. But neither one nor the other forbade my open and outspoken admiration of the view before me.

“I have a recollection of making my way through the hedging lilacs, and ringing with nervous haste at the door-bell; and as I turned, the view from the step seemed to me even wider and more enchanting than from the carriage. I have a fancy that a middle-aged man, with iron-gray whiskers, answered my summons in his shirt-sleeves, and proposed joining me directly under some trees

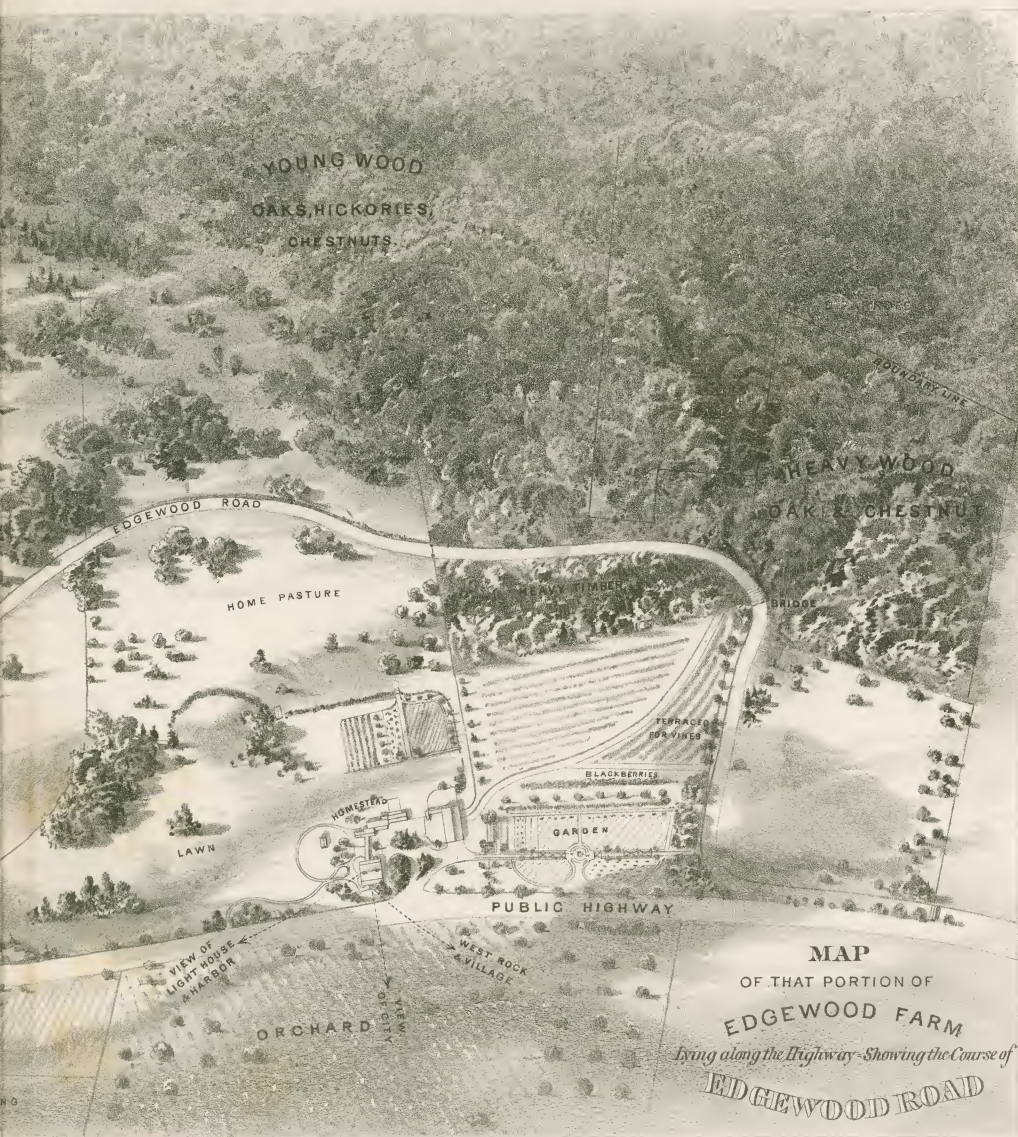
which stood a little way to the north. I recollect dimly a little country coquetry of his, about unwillingness to sell, or to name a price; and yet how he kindly pointed out to me the farm-lands, which lay below upon the flat, and the valley where his cows were feeding, just southward, and how the hills rolled up grandly westward, and were hemmed in to the north by a heavy belt of timber.

“I think we are all hypocrites at a bargain. I suspect I threw out casual objections to the house, and the distance, and the roughness; and yet have an uneasy recollection of thanking my friend for having brought to my notice the most charming spot I had yet seen, and one which met my wish in nearly every particular.

“It seems to me that the ride to town must have been very short, and my dinner a hasty one: I know I have a clear recollection of wandering over those hills, and that plateau of farm-land, afoot, that very afternoon. I remember tramping through the wood, and testing the turf after the manner of my lank friend upon the Hudson. I can recall distinctly the aspect of house, and hills, as they came into view on my second drive from the town; how a great stretch of forest, which lay in common, flanked the whole, so that the farm could be best and most intelligibly described as—lying on the edge of the wood; and it seemed to me, that, if it should be mine, it should wear the name of — Edgewood.

“It is the name it bears now. I will not detail the means by which the coyness of my iron-gray-haired friend was won over to a sale; it is enough to tell that within six weeks from the day on which I had first sighted the view, and brushed through the lilac-





hedge at the door, the place, from having been the home of another, had become a home of mine, and a new stock of *Lares* was blooming in the *Atrium*.

“In the disposition of the landscape, and in the breadth of the land, there was all, and more than I had desired. There was an eastern slope where the orchard lay, which took the first burst of the morning, and the first warmth of Spring; there was another valley-slope southward from the door, which took the warmth of the morning, and which keeps the sun till night. There was a wood, in which now the little ones gather anemones in Spring, and in autumn, heaping baskets of nuts. There was a strip of sea in sight, on which I can trace the white sails, as they come and go, without leaving my library-chair; and each night I see the flame of a lighthouse kindled, and its reflection dimpled on the water. If the brook is out of sight, beyond the hills, it has its representative in the fountain that is gurgling and plashing at my door.

“Although possessing all the special requisites of which I had been in search, yet the farm was by no means without its inaptitudes and roughnesses. There was an accumulation of half-decayed logs in one quarter, of mouldering chips in another,—being monumental of the choppings and hewings of half a score of years. Old iron had its establishment in this spot; cast-away carts and sleds in that; walls which had bulged out with the upheaval of—I know not how many—frosts, had been ingeniously mended with discarded harrows or axles; there was the usual debris of clam-shells, and there were old outbuildings standing awry, and showing rhomboidal angles in their outline. These approached the house very nearly,—

so nearly, in fact, that in one direction at least it was difficult to say where the province of the poultry and calves ended, and where the human occupancy began.

“There was a monstrous growth of dock and burdock about the outer doors, and not a few rank shoots of that valuable medicinal herb—stramonium. There were the invariable clumps of purple lilacs, in most unmanageable positions; a few straggling bunches of daffodils; an ancient garden with its measly-looking, mossy gooseberries; a few strawberry-plants, and currant-bushes keeping up interruptedly the pleasant formality of having once been set in rows, and of having nodded their crimson tassels at each other across the walk. There were some half-dozen huge old pear-trees, immediately in the rear of the house, mossy, and promising inferior native fruit; but full of a vigor that I have since had the pleasure of transmuting into golden Bartletts. There were a few plum-trees, loaded with black knot; a score of peach-trees in out-of-the-way places, all showing unfortunate marks of that vegetable jaundice, the yellows, which throughout New England is the bane of this delicious fruit.

“There was the usual huge barn, a little wavy in its ridge, and with an aged settle to its big doors; while under the eaves were jagged pigeon-holes, cut by adventurous boys, ignorant of curvilinear harmonies. Upon the peak was a lively weathercock of shingle, most preposterously active in its motions, and trimming to every flaw of wind with a nervous rapidity, that reminded me of nothing so much as of the alacrity of a small-newspaper editor. There was the attendant company of farm-sheds, low sheds, high

sheds, tumble-down sheds, one with a motley array of seasoned lumber, well dappled over with such domestic coloring as barn-yard fowls are in the habit of administering; another, with sleds and sleighs, — looking out of place in June, — and submitted to the same domestic garniture. There was the cider-mill with its old casks, and press, seamy and mildewed, both having musty taint. A convenient mossy cherry-tree was hung over with last year's scythes and bush-hooks, while two or three broken ox-chains trailed from the stump of a limb which had suffered amputation. Nor must I forget the shop, half home-made, half remnant of something better, with an old hat or two thrust into the broken sashes — with its unhelved, gone-by axes, its hoes with half their blade gone, its dozen of infirm rakes, its hospital-shelf for broken swivels, heel-wedges, and dried balls of putty.

“I remember passing a discriminating eye over the tools, be-
thinking me how I would swing the broadaxe, or put the saws to
sharp service; for in bargaining for the farm I had also bargained
for those implements of which there might be immediate need.

“Directly upon the roadway, before the house, rose a high wall,
supporting the little terrace that formed the front yard; the terrace
was a wilderness of roses, lilacs, and unclipped box. The entrance
was by a flight of stone steps which led through the middle of the
terrace, and of the wall; while over the steps hung the remnants of
an ancient archway, which had once supported a gilded lantern; and
I was told, with an air of due reverence, that this gilded spangle of
the town-life was a memento of the hospitalities of a certain warm-
blooded West Indian, who in gone-by years had lighted up the

country-home with cheery festivities. I would have cherished the lantern if it had not long before disappeared; and the steps that may have once thronged under it, must be all of them heavy with years now, if they have not rested from their weary beat altogether. Both wall and terrace are now gone, and a gentle swell of green turf is in their place, skirted by a hedge and low rustic paling, and crowned by a gaunt pine-tree* and a bowering elm.

“The same hospitable occupant, to whom I have referred, had made additions to the home itself, so as to divest it of the usual stereotyped farm-house look, by a certain quaintness of outline. This he had done by extending the area of the lower story some ten feet, in both front and rear, while the roof of this annex was concealed by a heavy balustrade, perched upon the eaves — thus giving the effect of one large cube, surmounted by a lesser one; the uppermost was topped with a roof of sharp pitch, through whose ridge protruded two enormous chimney-stacks. But this alteration was of so old a date as not to detract from the venerable air of the house. Even the jaunty porch, which jutted in front of all, showed gaping seams, and stains of ancient leakage, that forbade any suspicion of newness.

“Within, the rooms had that low-browed look which belongs to country farm-houses; and I will not disguise the matter by pre-

*On a night of great storm, in February, 1868, this ancient pine was blown down, and fell with a great crash upon the elm. Ten feet farther to the westward would have brought it lumbering upon the decrepid roof, under which two little curly-pated ones lay coiled in slumber. As a monument of the escape, I have left the bole of the old pine fixed — as it fell — in a cleft of the elm.



EDGEWOOD HOMESTEAD

At Date of Purchase.

tending that they are any higher now. I have occasional visitors whom I find it necessary to caution as they pass under the doorways; and the stray wasps that *will* float into the open casements of so old a country-house, in the first warm days of Spring, are not out of reach of my boy, (just turned of five,) as he mounts a chair, and makes a cut at them with his dog-whip, upon the ceiling.

"I must confess that I do not dislike this old humility of house-building. If windows, open chimney-places, and situation give good air, what matters it that your quarters by night are three or four feet nearer to your quarters by day? In summer, if some simple trellised pattern of paper cover the ceiling, you enjoy the illusion of a low-branching bower; and of a winter evening, the play of the firelight on the hearth flashes over it, with a kindly nearness.

"I know the outgoing parties found no pleasant task in the leave-taking. I am sure the old lady who was its mistress felt a pang that was but poorly concealed; I have a recollection that on one of my furtive visits of observation, I unwittingly came upon her—at a stand-still over some bit of furniture that was to be prepared for the cart—with her handkerchief fast to her eyes. It cannot be otherwise at parting with even the lowliest homes, where we have known of deaths, and births, and pleasures, and little storms that have had their sweep and lull; and where slow-pacing age has declared itself in gray hair and the bent figure. It is tearing leaf on leaf out of the thin book where our lives are written.

"Even the farmer's dog slipped around the angles of the house,

as the change was going forward, with a fitful, frequent, uneasy trot, as if he were disposed to make the most of the last privileges of his home. The cat alone, of all the living occupants, took matters composedly, and paced eagerly about from one to another of her disturbed haunts in buttery and kitchen, with a philosophic indifference. I should not wonder indeed if she indulged in a little riotous exultation at finding access to nooks which had been hitherto cumbered with assemblages of firkins and casks. I have no faith in cats: they are a cold-blooded race; they are the politicians among domestic animals; they care little who is master, or what are the overturnings, if their pickings are secure; and what are their midnight caucuses but primary meetings?"

II.

VIEW DOWN THE LAWN.

“O F course, one of the first aims, in taking possession of such a homestead as I have partially described, was to make a clearance of *débris*, of unnecessary palings, of luxuriant corner-crops of nettles and burdocks, of mouldering masses of decayed vegetable matter, of old conchologic deposits, and ferruginous wreck ; all this clearance being not so much agricultural employment, as hygienic. There seems to have been a mania with the old New England householders, in the country, for multiplying enclosures,—front yards, back yards, south and north yards,—all with their palings and gates, which grow shaky with years, and give cover to rank and worthless vegetation in corners, that no cultivation can reach. Of this multitude of palings I made short work : good taste, economy, and all rules of good tillage, unite in favor of the fewest possible enclosures, and confirm the wisdom of making the palings for such as are necessary, as simple as their office of defence will allow.

“So it happened, under my ruling, that the little terrace-yard of the front lost its identity, and was merged in the yard to the north,—with the little bewildered garden to the south,—with the straggling peach-orchard in the rear ; and all these merged again, by

the removal of a tottling wall, with the valley-pasture that lay southward — where now clumps of evergreen, and azalias, and lilacs crown the little swells, and hide the obtrusive angles of barriers beyond — so that the children may race, from the door, over firm, clean, green sward, for a gunshot away. This change has not been only to the credit of the eye, but in every particular economic. The cost of establishing and repairing the division palings has been done away with; the inaccessible angles of enclosures, which fed monstrous wild-growth, are submitted to even culture and cropping; an under-drain through the bottom of the valley-lawn has absorbed the scattered stones and the tottling wall of the pasture, and given a rank growth of red-top and white clover, where before, through three months of the year, was almost a quagmire. This drain, fed by lesser branches laid on from time to time through the springy ground of the peach-orchard, and by the waste-way of the fountain at the door, now discharges into a little pool (once a mud-hole) at the extremity of the lawn, where a willow or two timidly dip their branches, and the frogs welcome every opening April with a riotous uproar of voices. Even the scattered clumps of trees stand upon declivities where cultivation would have been difficult, or they hide out-cropping rocks which were too heavy for the walls, or the drains. So it has come about that the old flimsy pasture, with its blotches of mulleins, thistles, wax-myrtles, and the ill-shapen yard, straggling peach-orchard (long since gone by), have made my best grass-field, which needs only an occasional top-dressing of ashes or compost, and a biennial scratching with a fine-toothed harrow, to yield me two tons to the acre of sweet-scented hay.”

The thatch to the right is that of the Bee-House.

The height in the distance, and beyond the lawn enclosure, is the pasture-land, which, with its treatment, is thus described :

“ This billow of hill dipped down between my home and the stone cottage into a little valley, which I have transmuted, as before described, into a lawn of grass-land, with its clumps of native trees and flowering shrubs, and its little pool, under the willows, that receives the drainage. Elsewhere, beyond, and higher, its surface was scarred with stones of all shapes and sizes. Orderly geology would have been at fault amid its débris: there were boulders of trap, with clean sharp fissures breaking through them; there were great flat fragments of gneiss covered with gray lichens; there were pure granitic rocks worn round, perhaps by the play of some waves that have been hushed these thousand years; and there were exceptional fragments of coarse red sandstone, frittered half away by centuries of rain, and leaving protruding pimples of harder pebbles. In short, Professor Johnston, who advised (in Scotland) the determination of a farm-purchase by the character of the subjacent and adjoining rocks, would have been at fault upon my hillside. A short way back, amid the woods, he would have found a huge ridge of intractable serpentine; the boulders he would have discovered to be of most various quality; and if he had dipped his spade, aided by a pick, he would have found a yellow, ferruginous conglomerate, which the rains convert into a mud that is all aflow, and which the suns bake into a surface, that with the sharpest of mattocks would start a flood of perspiration, before he had combed a square yard of it into a state of garden pulverization.

“Lying above this, however, was a vegetable mould, with a shiny silicious intermixture (what precise people would call a sandy loam), well knitted together by a compact mass of the roots of myrtles, of huckleberry bushes, and of ferns. Geologically, the hill was a ‘drift;’ agriculturally, considering the steep slopes and the matted roots, it was uninviting; pictorially, it was rounded into the most graceful of cumulated swells, and all glowing with its wild verdure; practically, it was a coarse bit of neglected cow-pasture, with the fences down, and the bushes rampant.

“What could be done with this? It is a query that a great many landholders throughout New England will have occasion some day to submit to themselves, if they have not done so already. Overfeeding with starveling cows, and a lazy dash at the brush in the idle days of August, will not transform such hills into fields of agricultural wealth. Under such regimen they grow thinner and thinner. The annual excoriation of the brush above ground seems only to provoke a finer and firmer distribution of the roots below; and the depasturing by cows—particularly of milch animals, folded or stalled at night—will gradually and surely diminish the fertilizing capital of such grazing-land. It is specially noticeable that the deterioration, under these conditions, is much more marked upon hill-lands than upon level meadows.*

“In the back-country, such old pastures, with their brush and scattered stones, will feed sheep profitably, and will grow better under the cropping. But in the immediate neighborhood of towns,

* This is perhaps more apparent than real, from the fact that upon level lands the droppings are more evenly distributed.

where every barkeeper has his half-dozen dogs, and every Irish family their cur, and every vagabond his canine associate, sheep can only be kept at a serious risk of immolation for the benefit of these worthies. Proper legislation might interpose a bar, indeed, to such sacrifice of agricultural interests,—if legislation were not so largely in the hands of dog-fanciers.

“The sheep are not the only sufferers.

“Shall the hill be ploughed? It is not an easy task to lay a good furrow along a slope of forty-five degrees, with its seams of old wintry torrents, its occasional boulders, and its matted myrtle-roots; and, if fairly accomplished, the winter’s rains may drive new seams from top to bottom, carrying the light mould far down under walls, and into useless places,—leaving harsh yellow scars, that will defy the mellowest June sunshine.

“A city-friend, with city aptitude, suggests—terraces; and instances the pretty ones, overhung with vines, which the traveller may see along the banks of the Rhine.

“I answer kindly; and, in the same vein, suggest that such scattered rocks as are not needed, may be thrown into the shape of an old watch-tower—with Bishop Hatto’s for a model—to mimic the Rhine ruins.

“—— ‘Charming! and when the grapes are ripe, drop me a line.’ And my city-friend plucks a bit of pennyroyal, and nips it complacently.

“Terracing might be done in a rude but substantial way, at the cost of about fifteen hundred dollars the acre. This might do at Johannesburg; but hardly, in a large way, in Connecticut. Crops

must needs be exceeding large upon such terraces, to compete successfully with those of a thriving 'forehanded' man, who farms upon a land-capital of less than a hundred dollars to the acre.

"I abandoned the design of terraces. And yet, there are times when I regale myself for hours together with the pleasant fancy of my city-friend. His terraces should be well lichened over now; and I seem to see brimming on the successive shelves of the hill, great festoons of vines, spotted with purple clusters; amidst the foliage there gleams, here and there, the broad hat of some vineyard-dresser (as in German pictures), and crimson kirtles come and go, and songs flash into the summer stillness, and a soft purple haze wraps the scene, and thickens in the hollows of the land, and swims fathoms deep around the ruin —

" 'Square, what d'ye ask apiece for them suckers?'

"It is my neighbor, who has clambered up, holding by the myrtle-bushes, to buy a pig.

"The vexed question of the proper dressing and tillage of the hillside is still in reserve. I resolved it in this wise: Of the rocks most convenient, and least available for fencing purposes, I constructed an easy roadway, leading by gradual inclination from top to bottom; other stones were laid up in a substantial wall, which supplies the place of a staggering and weakly fence, which every strong northwester prostrated; still others, of a size too small for any such purpose, were buried in drains, which diverted the standing moisture from one or two sedgy basins on the hill, and discharged the flow upon the crown of a gravelly slope. There I have now the pleasure of seeing a most luxuriant growth of white



EDGEWOOD HOMESTEAD A

At Present.

PROFILE.
THROUGH A. B.

THE BRADDOCK & KNAPP ENG. OFFS. & LITH. CO. 11 BROADWAY, N.Y.

clover and red-top, fertilized wholly by the flow of water which was only harmful in its old locality. I next ordered, in the leisurely time of later autumn, the grubbing up of the patches of myrtles and briers, root and branch; these, with the mossy turf that cumbered them, after thorough drying, were set on fire, and burned slumberously, with a little careful watching and tending, for weeks together. I was thus in possession of a comparatively smooth surface, not so far disintegrated as to be subject to damaging washes of storm, besides having a large stock of fertilizing material in the shape of ashes.

“In the following Spring, these were carefully spread—a generous supply of hay-seed sown, and, still further, an ample dressing of phosphatic guano. The hillside was then thoroughly combed with a fine-toothed Scotch harrow, and the result has been a compact lively sod, and a richer bite for the cattle.

“Again, upon one or two salient points of the hill, where there were stubborn rocks which forbade removal, I have set little coppices of native evergreens, which, without detracting in any appreciable degree from the grazing surface, will, as they grow, have charming effect, and offer such modicum of shade as all exposed pasture-lands need. One who looked only to simple farm-results, would certainly never have planted the little coppices, or hedged them, as I have done, against injury. But it appears to me that judicious management of land in the neighborhood of large towns should not ignore, wholly, the conservation of those picturesque effects which, at no very remote time, may come to have a marketable value greater even than the productive capacity of the soil.

“I have even had the hardihood to leave, upon certain particularly intractable spots of the hill-land, groups of myrtles, briers, scrubby oaks, wild grapes, and birches, to tangle themselves together as they will, in a wanton savagery of growth. Such a copse makes a round perch or two of wilderness about the sprawling wreck of an old cellar and chimney, which have traditional smack of former Indian occupancy; and the site gives color to the tradition;—for you look from it southeasterly over three square miles of wavy meadows, through which a river gleams; and over bays that make good fishing-ground, and over a ten-mile reach of shimmering sea. A little never-failing spring bubbles up a few yards away; and to the westward and northward the land piles in easy slope, making sunny shelter, where,—first on all the hillside,—the snow vanishes in Spring.”



Island View

120 Broadway, N.Y.

1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880

III.

VIEW FROM LAWN OF BEE-HOUSE, AND EDGE OF WOOD.

THE position of the Bee-House will explain the relation of this to the previous view; there is also in sight some portion of the pasture already described, with its groups of evergreens.

I give my experience with the Bees.

"A shelf, on which rested five bee-hives with their buzzing swarms, stood beside a clump of lilacs, not far from one of the side-doors of the farm-house. These the outgoing occupant was indisposed to sell; it was 'unlucky,' he said, to give up ownership of an old-established colony. The idea was new to me, and I was doubly anxious to buy, that I might give his whimsey a fair test. So I over-ruled his scruples at length, moved the bees only a distance of a few yards, gave them a warm shelter of thatch, and strange to say, they all died within a year.

"I restocked the thatched house several times afterward; and there was plenty of marjoram and sweet clover to delight them. Whether it was that the misfortunes of the first colony the haunted place, I know not, but they did not thrive. Sometimes, I was told, it was the moth that found its way into their hives; sometimes it was

an invasion of piratical ants; and every summer I observe that a few gallant kingbirds take up their station near by, and pounce upon the flying scouts, as they go back with their golden booty.

"I have not the heart to shoot the kingbirds; nor do I enter very actively into the battle of the bees against the moths, or the ants; least of all, do I interfere in the wars of the bees among themselves, which I have found, after some observation, to be more destructive and ruinous than any war with foreign foes.* I give them fair play, good lodging, limitless flowers, willows bending (as Virgil advises) into the quiet water of a near pool; I have even read up the stories of poor blind Huber, who so loved the bees, and the poem of Giovanni Rucellai, for their benefit: if they cannot hold their sceptre against the tender-winged moths, who have no cruel stings, or against the ants, or the wasps, or give over their satanic quarrels with their kindred, let them abide the consequences. I will not say, however, but that the recollection of the sharp screams of a little 'curl-pate' that have once or twice pierced my ears, as she ventured into too close companionship, has indisposed me to any strong advocacy of the bees.

"My experience enables me to say that hives should not be placed too near each other; the bees have a very human propensity to quarrel, and their quarrels are ruinous. They blunder into each

* The Rev. Charles Butler, in his "Feminine Monarchie" (London, 1609), after speaking in Chapter VII of "Dier Enemies," continues: "But not any one of des*, nor all des* togeder, doo half so muc harm to de Bees, as de Bees. *Apis api, ut homo homini, Lupus.* Dey mak de greatest spoil bot of bees and of hoonie. Dis robbing is practised all de yeer."

other's homes, if near together, with a most wanton affectation of forgetfulness; and they steal honey that has been carefully stored away in the cells of sister swarms, with a vicious energy that they rarely bestow upon a flower. In their field-forays, I believe they are respectful of each other's rights; but at home, if only the order is once disturbed, and a neighbor swarm shows signs of weakness, they are the most malignant pirates it is possible to conceive of.

"Again, let no one hope for success in their treatment, unless he is disposed to cultivate familiarity: a successful bee-keeper loves his bees, and has a way of fondling them, and pushing his intimacy about the swarming-time, which I would not counsel an inapt or a nervous person to imitate.

"Gélieu, a Swiss authority, and a rival of Huber in his enthusiasm, says: 'Beaucoup de gens aiment les abeilles; je n'ai vu personne qui les aime *médiocrement*; on se *passionne* pour elles.'

"I have a neighbor, a quiet old gentleman, who is possessed of this passion; his swarms multiply indefinitely; I see him holding frequent conversations with them through the backs of their hives. All the stores of my little colony would be absorbed in a day, if they were brought into contact with his lusty swarms.

"Many of the old writers tell pleasant stories of the amiable submission of their favorites to gentle handling; but I have never had the curiosity to put this submission to the test. I remember that Van Amburgh tells tender stories of the tigers.

"I have observed, however, that little people listen with an amused interest to those tales of the bees, and I have sometimes availed myself of a curious bit of old narrative, to stanch the pain of a sting.

“ ‘Who will listen,’ I say, ‘to a story of M. Lombard’s about a little girl on whose hand a whole swarm of bees once alighted?’

“ And all say, ‘I,’ save the sobbing one, who looks consent.

“ M. Lombard was a French lawyer, who was for a long time imprisoned in the dungeons of Robespierre; and when that tyrant reformer was beheaded, this prisoner gained his liberty, and went into the country, where he became a farmer, and wrote three or four books about the bees: among other things he says:

“ ‘A young girl of my acquaintance was greatly afraid of bees, but was completely cured of her fear by the following incident. A swarm having left a hive, I observed the queen alight by herself at a little distance from the apiary. I immediately called my little friend, that I might show her this important personage; she was anxious to have a nearer view of her majesty, and therefore, having first caused her to draw on her gloves, I gave the queen into her hand. Scarcely had I done so, when we were surrounded by the whole bees of the swarm. In this emergency I encouraged the trembling girl to be steady, and to fear nothing, remaining myself close by her, and covering her head and shoulders with a thin handkerchief. I then made her stretch out the hand that held the queen, and the bees instantly alighted on it, and hung from her fingers as from the branch of a tree. The little girl, experiencing no injury, was delighted above measure at the novel sight, and so entirely freed from all fear, that she bade me uncover her face. The spectators were charmed at the interesting spectacle. I at length brought a hive, and shaking the swarm from the child’s hand, it was lodged in safety without inflicting a single sting.’

"As I begin the story, there is a tear in the eye of the sobbing one, but as I read on, the tear is gone, and the eye dilates; and when I have done, the sting is forgotten.

"I have written thus at length, at the suggestion of my thatch of a bee-house, because I shall have nothing to say of my bees again, as copartners with me in the flowers, and in the farm. I have to charge to their account a snug sum for purchase-money, and for their straw housing—a good many hours of bad humor, and the recollection of those little screams to which I have already alluded. Thus far, I can only credit them with one or two moderately sized jars of honey, and a pleasant concerted buzzing with which they welcome the first warm weather of the Spring. Even as I write, I observe that a few of my winged workers are alight upon the mossy stones that lie half covered in the basin of the fountain, and are sedulously exploring the water."



Endowed Plot.

30 Broadway N.Y.

WILSON BROTHERS & COMPANY

from East 10th

IV.

VIEW TOWARD VILLAGE FROM FRONT.

“**A** THATCHED stile is opposite, flanked by a straggling hedge of Osage orange; and from the stile the ground falls away in green and gradual slope to a great plateau of fenced fields, checkered, a month since, with bluish lines of swedes, with the ragged purple of mangels, and the feathery emerald-green of carrots. There are umber-colored patches of fresh-turned furrows; here and there the mossy, luxurious verdure of new-springing rye; gray stubble; the ragged brown of frost-bitten rag-weed; next, a line of tree-tops, thickening as they drop to the near bed of a river, and beyond the river-basin showing again, with tufts of hemlock among naked oaks and maples; then roofs, cupolas, ambitious look-outs of suburban houses, spires, belfries, turrets: all these commingling in a long line of white, brown, and gray, which in sunny weather is backed by purple hills, and flanked one way by a shining streak of water, and the other by a stretch of low, wooded mountains that turn from purple to blue, and so blend with the northern sky.

“To the north, under such oblique glance as can be caught [from the library-window], the farm-lands stretch half a mile to the skirts of a quiet village. A few tall chimneys smoke there lazily,

and below them you see as many quick and repeated puffs of white steam. Two white spires and a brown tower are in bold relief against the precipitous basaltic cliff, at whose foot the village seems to nestle. Yet the mountain is not wholly precipitous; for the columnar masses have been fretted away by a thousand frosts, making a sloping débris below, and leaving above, the iron-yellow scars of fresh cleavage, the older blotches of gray, and the still older stain of lichens. Nor is the summit bald, but tufted with dwarf cedars and oaks, which, as they file away upon either flank, mingle with a heavier growth of hickories and chestnuts. A few stunted kalmias and hemlock-spruces have found foothold in the clefts upon the face of the rock, furnishing a tawny green that blends prettily with the scars, lichens, and weather-stains of the cliff: all which show under a sunset-light richly and changefully as the breast of a dove."



Exterior View

STONY BROOK, CONNECTICUT

1895

V.

VIEW OF FARM-HOUSE.

“THE wooden farm-house, which lay so quietly under the trees at the foot of the hill when I first saw the place, is long since burned and gone. It was the old story of ashes in a wooden kit—very lively ashes—that one night kindled the kit, and thence spread to the shed, and in a moment half the house was in flame. It was a picturesque sight from my window on the hill; but not a pleasant one. A wild, sweeping, gallant blaze, that wrapped old powder-post timbers in its roar, and licked through crashing sashes, and came crinkling through the roof in a hundred wilful jets, and then lashed and overlaid the whole with a tent of vermillion, above which there streamed into the night great yellow swaying pennants of flame. But the burnt house is long since replaced by another. It would have been a simple and easy task to restore it as before: a few loads of lumber, the scheme of some country joiner, and the thing were done. But I was anxious to determine by actual trial how far the materials which nature had provided on the farm itself, could be made available.

“The needed timber could of course be readily obtained from the farm-wood; and from the same source might also be derived

the saw-logs for exterior covering. But from the fact that pine is very much more suitable and durable for cover than the ordinary timber of New England woods, the economy of such a procedure would be very doubtful; nor would it demonstrate so palpably and unmistakably, as I was desirous of doing, that the building was of home-growth. I had seen very charming little farm-houses on the Downs of Hampshire, made almost entirely from the flints of the neighboring chalkbeds; and in Cumberland and Westmoreland very substantial and serviceable cottages are built out of the rudest stones, the farm-laborers assisting in the work. Now there were, scattered along the roadside, as along most country roadsides of New England, a great quantity of small, ill-shapen stones, drawn thither in past years from the fields, and serving only as the breeding-ground for pestilent briars. These stones I determined to convert into a cottage.

“Of course, if such an experiment should involve a cost largely exceeding that of a simple wooden house of ordinary construction, its value would be partly negatived; since I was particularly anxious to demonstrate not only the possibility of employing the humblest materials at hand, but also of securing durability and picturesqueness in conjunction with a rigid economy.

“I need not say to any one who has attempted a similar task, that the builders discouraged me: the stones were too round or too small; they had no face; but I insisted upon my plan—only yielding the use of brick for the corners and for the window-jambs.

“I further insisted that no stone should be touched with a

hammer; and that, so far as feasible, the mossy or weather sides of the stones should be exposed. The cementing material was simple mortar, made of shell-lime and sharp sand; the only exception being one course, of five or six inches in depth, laid in water-cement, six inches above the ground, and intended to prevent the ascent of moisture through the mason-work. The house-walls were of the uniform height of ten feet, covered with a roof of sharp pitch. The gables were carried up with plank laid on vertically, and thoroughly battened; and, to give picturesque effect as well as added space upon the garret-floor, the gables overhang the walls by the space of a foot, and are supported by the projecting floor-beams, which are rounded at their ends, but otherwise left rough. This feature, as well as the sharp pent roof, was an English one, and a pleasant reminder of old houses I had seen in the neighborhood of Gloucester.

“To avoid the expense of a great number of window-jambs, which, being of brick, were not of home origin, I conceived the idea of throwing two or three windows into one; thus giving, for purely economic reasons, a certain Swiss aspect to the building, and a pleasant souvenir of a sunny Sunday in Meyringen. These broad windows, it must be observed, have no cumbrous lintels of stone, for none such were to be found upon the farm; but the superincumbent wall is supported by stanch timbers of oak, and these disguised or concealed by little protecting rooflets of plank. Thus far, simple economy governed every part of the design; but to give increased architectural effect, as well as comfort, a porch, with peak corresponding in shape to the gable, was

thrown out over the principal door to the south; and this porch was constructed entirely, saving its roof, of cedar unstripped of its bark. If it has not been removed, there is a parsonage-house at Ambleside, in the lake-country of Westmoreland, which shows very much such another, even to the diamond loophole in its peak.

“Again, the chimneys, of which there are two, instead of being completed in staring red, were carried up in alternate checkers of cobbles and brick, the whole surmounted by a projecting coping of mossy stones. In view of the fact that this architectural device demanded dexterous handling, I cannot allege its economy; but its extra cost was so trifling, and its pleasant juxtaposition of tints was so suggestive of the particolored devices that I had seen on the country houses of Lombardy, that the chimneys have become cheap little monuments of loiterings in Italy.

“The plank of the gables, wholly unplanned, has been painted a neutral tint to harmonize with the stone, and the battens are white, to accord with the lines of mortar in the wall below; the commingled brick and stone of the house are repeated in the chimneys above; the roof has now taken on a gray tint; the lichens are fast forming on the lower stones; a few vines, — the Virginia creeper chiefest (*Ampelopsis Hederacea*), — are fastening into the crevices, making wreaths about the windows all the summer through, and in autumn hang flaming on the wall. There is a May crimson too, from the rosebushes that are trailed upon the porch. It is all heavily shaded; a long, low wall of gray, lighted with red-bordered embrasures, taking mellowness from every added year. There are no blinds to repair; there is but little paint to renew; it



Richard Park

NEW PARK HOUSE

(5) 2500 N.E.

is warm in winter; it is cool in summer; vines cling to it kindly; the lichens love it; I would not replace its homeliness with the jauntiest green-blinded house in the country.

“Of course, so anomalous a structure called out the witticisms of my country neighbors. ‘Was it a blacksmith’s shop?’ ‘Was it a saw-mill?’ and with a loud appreciatory ‘guffaw’ the critics pass by.

“Our country tastes are as yet very ambitious; homeliness and simplicity are not appetizing enough. But in time we shall ripen into a wholesome severity in this matter. I am gratified to perceive that the harshest observers of my poor cottage in the beginning, have now come to regard it with a kindly interest. It mates so fairly with the landscape,—it mates so fairly with its purpose; it is so resolutely unpretending, and carries such an air of permanence and durability, that it wins and has won upon the most arrant doubters.

“The country neighbors were inclined to look upon the affair as a piece of stupidity, not comparable with a fine white house, set off by cupola and green blinds. But it was presently observed that cultivated people from the town, in driving past, halted for a better view; the halts became frequent; it was intimated that So-and-so, of high repute, absolutely admired the homeliness. Whereupon the country critics undertook an inquiry into the causes of their distaste, and queried if their judgment might not have need of revision. Did their opinion spring from a discerning measurement of the real fitness of a country-house, or out of a cherished and traditional regard for white and green?

“The final question, however, in regard to it, as a matter of

practical interest, is one of economy. Can a house of the homely material and character described be built cheaply? Unquestionably. In my own case the cost of a cottage fifty feet by twenty-six, and with ten-feet walls—containing five serviceable rooms, besides closets, on its main floor, and two large chambers of good height under the roof, as well as dairy-room in the east end of the cellar—was between eleven and twelve hundred dollars.* The estimates given me for a wooden house, of the stereotyped aspect and similar dimensions, were within a few dollars of the same sum.

“It must be remembered, however, that any novelty of construction in a particular district, costs by reason of its novelty; the mason, too, charges for the possible difficulties of overcoming his inexperience in the material. The carpenter rates the rough joining at the same figure with the old mouldings and finishing-boards to which he is accustomed, and of which he may have a stock on hand. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work was accomplished within the limits of cost which the most economic would have reckoned essential to a building of equal capacity.

“It is further to be considered, that while I paid skilful masons for this rough work the same price which they exacted for the nice work of cities, it would have been quite possible for an intelligent proprietor to commit very much of it to an ordinary farm-laborer, and so reduce the cost by at least one third.

“I have dwelt at length upon this little architectural experi-

*It must be remembered that these figures date from that old epoch when five-penny pieces were made of silver, and honest Paddies worked for “a dollar and found.” Nowadays the figures could be safely multiplied by two.

ence, because I believe that such meagre details of construction as I have given may be of service to those having occasion to erect similar tenant-houses; and again, because in view of the fact that we must in time have a race of farm-laborers among us who shall also be householders, I count it a duty to make such use of the homely materials at hand as shall insure durability and comfort, while the simplicity of detail will allow the owner to avail himself of his own labor and ingenuity in the construction.

“Such a farm-house as I have described should have, in all northern latitudes, a sheltered position and a sunny exposure. Of course, a situation convenient to the fields under tillage and to other farm-buildings is to be sought; but beyond this, no law of propriety, of good taste, or of comfort, is more imperative than shelter from bleak winds, and a frontage to the south. No neighbor can bring such cheer to a man’s doorstep as the sun.

“There are absurd ideas afloat in regard to the front and back side of a house, which infect village morals and manners in a most base and unmeaning way. In half the country-towns, and by half the farmers, it is considered necessary to retain a pretending front side upon some dusty street or highway, with tightly-closed blinds and bolted door; with parlors only ventured upon in an uneasy way from month to month, to consult some gilt-bound dictionary or museum, that lies there in state like a king’s coffin. The occupant, meantime, will be living in some back corner,—slipping in and out at back doors, never at ease save in his most uninviting room, and as much a stranger to the blinded parlor, which very likely engrosses the best half of his house, as his visitor,

the country parson. All this is as arrant a sham and affectation, as the worst ones of the cities.

“It is true that every man will wish to set aside a certain portion of his house for the offices of hospitality. But the easy and familiar hospitalities of a country village, or of the farmer, do not call for any exceptional stateliness; the farmer invites his best friends to his habitual living-room; let him see to it, then, that his living-room be the sunniest and most cheerful of his house. So, his friends will come to love it, and he and his children — to love it and to cherish it, so that it shall be the rallying-point of the household affections through all time. No sea so distant, but the memory of a cheery, sunlit home-room, with its pictures on the wall and its flame upon the hearth, shall haunt the voyager's thought; and the flame upon the hearth and the sunlit window will pave a white path over the intervening waters, where tenderest fancies, like angels, shall come and go. No soldier, wounded on these battle-fields of ours, and feeling the mists of death gathering round him, but will call back with a gushing fondness such glimpse of a cheery and cherished hearthstone, and feel hope and heart lighted by the vision — bringing to his last hold on earth his most hallowed memories; and so, binding, by the tenderest of links, the heartiest of the old life to the bloody dawn of the new.

“There is a deeper philosophy in this than may at first sight appear. Who shall tell us how many a break-down of a wayward son is traceable to the cheerless aspect of his own home and fireside?

“But just now I am no moralist — only house-builder. In the farm-cottage whose principal features I have detailed, I have given

fifty feet of frontage to the south, and only the gable-end with its windows to the street. As I enter the white wicket by the corner, under the elm-tree which bowers it, the distribution counts thus : a miniature parlor with its lookout to the street, and a broad window to the south ; next is the rustic porch, and a door opening upon the hall ; next, a broad living-room or kitchen, with its generous chimney, and this flanked by a wash-room, or scullery, from which a second outer door opens upon the southern front. To this latter door, which may have its show of tubs, tins, and drying-mops, a screen of shrubbery gives all needed privacy from the street, and separates by a wall of flowering things from the modest pretensions of the entrance by the porch. At least, such was an available part of the design. If the good woman's poultry, loving so sunny a spot, will worry away the rootlets of the lower flowering shrubs, and leave only a tree or two for screen, it is an arrangement of the leafy furniture over which the successive occupants have entire control. The noticeable fact is, that the best face of the cottage, and its most serviceable openings, whether of window or door, are given to the full flow of the sun, and not to the roadside. What is the road, indeed, but a convenience ? Why build at it, or toward it, as if it were sovereign, or as if we owed it a duty or a reverence ? We owe it none ; indeed, under the ordering of most highway surveyors, we owe it only contempt. But the path of the sun and of the seasons is of God's ordering ; and a south window will print on every winter's morning a golden prayer upon the floor ; and every summer's morning the birds and bees will repeat it among the flowers at the southern door."

VI.

DOWN THE GARDEN.

“**I** ENTER upon my garden by a little, crazy, rustic wicket, over which a Virginia creeper has tossed itself into a careless tangle of festoons. The entrance is overshadowed by a cherry-tree, which must be nearly half a century old, and which, as it filches easily very much of the fertilizing material that is bestowed upon the garden, makes a weightier show of fruit than can be boasted by any of the orchard company.

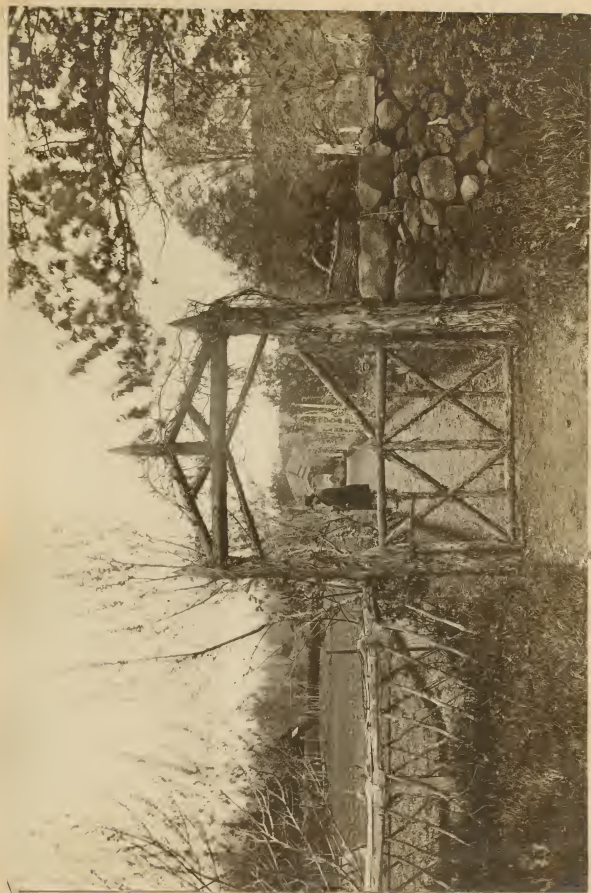
“A broad walk leads down the middle of the garden, — bordered on either side by a range of stout box, and interrupted midway of its length by a box-edged circle, that is filled and crowned with one cone-shaped Norway-Spruce. These lines, and this circlet of idle green, are its only ornamentation. Easterly of the walk is a sudden terrace-slope, stocked with currants, raspberries, and all the lesser fruits, in a maze of lines and curves. Westward is a level open space, devoted to long parallel lines of garden vegetables. The slope, by reason of its surface and its crops, is subject only to fork-culture; the western half, on the other hand, has the economy of deep and thorough trench-ploughing, every autumn and spring.

“Nor is this an economy to be overlooked by a farmer. Very many, without pretensions to that nicety of culture which is sup-

posed to belong to spade husbandry alone, so overstock their gardens with confused and intercepting lines of fruit-shrubbery, and perennial herbs, as to forbid any thorough action of the plough. By the simple device, however, of giving to the garden the shape of a long parallelogram, and arranging its trees, shrubbery, and walks, in lines parallel with its length, and by establishing easy modes of ingress and egress at either end, the plough will prove a great economizer; and under careful handling, will leave as even a surface and as fine a tilth as follows the spade. I make this suggestion in the interest of those farmers who are compelled to measure narrowly the cost of tillage, and who cannot indulge in the amateur weakness of wasted labor.

"I have provided also a leafy protection for this garden against the sweep of winds from the northwest: northward, this protection consists of a wild belt of tangled growth—sumacs, hickories, cedars, wild-cherries, oaks—separated from the northern walk of the garden by a trim hedgerow of hemlock-spruce. This tangled belt is of a spontaneous growth, and has shot up upon a strip of the neglected pasture-land, from which, seven years since, I trenched the area of the garden. Thus it is not only a protection, but offers a pleasant contrast of what the whole field might have been, with what the garden now is. I must confess that I love these savage waymarks of progressive tillage—as I love to meet here and there some stolid old-time thinker, whom the rush of modern ideas has left in picturesque isolation.

"Time and again some enterprising gardener has begged the privilege of uprooting this strip of wildness, and trenching to the



Fire Look-Out.

CLARK'S BROS. PHOTOGRAPHERS

650 Broadway, N.Y.

skirt of the wall beyond it; but I have guarded the waste as if it were a crop; the cheewits and thrushes make their nests undisturbed there. The long, firm gravel-alley which traverses the garden from north to south, traverses also this bit of savage shrubbery, and by a latticed gate, opens upon smooth grass-lands beyond, which are skirted with forest.

“Within this tangle-wood, I have set a few grafflings upon a wild crab, and planted a peach or two — only to watch the struggle which these artificial people will make with their wild neighbors. And so various is the growth within this limited belt, that my children pick there, in their seasons, luscious dew-berries, huckleberries, wild raspberries, billberries, and choke-cherries; and in autumn, gather bouquets of golden-rod and asters, set off with crimson tufts of sumac, and the scarlet of maple-boughs. And when I see the brilliancy of these, and smack the delicate flavor of the wild-fruit, it makes me doubt if our progress is, after all, as grand as it should be, or as we vainly believe it to be; and (to renew my parallel)—it seems to me that the old-time and gone-by thinkers may possibly have given us as piquant and marrowy suggestions upon whatever subject of human knowledge they touched, as the hot-house philosophers of to-day. I never open, of a Sunday afternoon, upon the yellowed pages of Jeremy Taylor, but his flavor and affluence, and homely wealth of allusions, suggest the tangled wild of the garden — with its starry flowers, its piquant berries, its scorn of human rulings, its unkempt vigor, its boughs and tendrils stretching heavenward; and I never water a reluctant hill of yellowed cucumbers, and coax it with all manner of concentrated fertilizers into bearing,

—but I think of the elegant education of the dapper Dr. —, and of the sappy, and flavorless results.

“To the westward of the garden, and concealing a decrepit mossy wall, that is covered with blackberry vines and creepers, is the flanking shelter of another hemlock hedge of wanton luxuriance. A city-garden could never yield the breadth it demands; but upon the farm, the complete and graceful protection it gives, is well purchased, at the cost of a few feet of land. Nor is much time required for its growth; five years since, and this hedge of four feet in height, by two hundred yards in length, was all brought away from the wood in a couple of market-baskets.

“The importance of garden shelter is by no means enough considered. I do not indeed name my own method as the best to be pursued; flanking buildings or high enclosures may give it more conveniently in many situations; a steep, sudden hillside may give it best of all; but it should never be forgotten that while we humor the garden-soil with what the plants and trees best love, we should also give their foliage the protection against storms which they covet, and which, in an almost equal degree, contributes to their luxuriance.

“To the dwarf-fruit, as well as to the grape, this shelter is absolutely essential; if they are compelled to fortify against aggressive blasts,—they may do it indeed; but they will, in this way, dissipate a large share of the vitality which would else go to the fruit. Young cattle may bear the exposure of winter, but they will be pinched under it, and take on a weazen look of age, and expend a great stock of vital energy in the contest.

“Here let me outline, in brief, what a farmer’s garden may be made, without other than home-labor. A broad walk shall run down the middle of either a square enclosure, or long parallelogram. A box-edging upon either side is of little cost, and contributes eminently to neatness; it will hold good for eight years, without too great encroachment, and at that time will sell to the nurserymen for more than enough to pay the cost of resetting. On either side of this walk, in a border of six feet wide, the farmer may plant his dwarf-fruit, with grapes at intervals to climb upon a home-made cedar trellis, that shall overarch and embower the walk. If he love an evening pipe in his garden, he may plant some simple seat under one or more of these leafy arbors.

“At least one half the garden, as I before suggested, he may easily arrange, to till,—spring and autumn,—with the plough; and whatever he places there in the way of tree and shrub, must be in lines parallel with the walk. On the other half, he will be subjected to no such limitations; there, he will establish his perennials—his asparagus, his thyme, his sage, and parsley; his rhubarb, his gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries; and in an angle—hidden if he choose by a belt of shrubbery—he may have his hotbed and compost heap. Fork-culture, which all these crops demand, will admit of any arrangement he may prefer, and he may enliven the groupings, and win the goodwife’s favor, by here and there a little circlet of such old-fashioned flowers as tulips, yellow lilies and white, with roses of all shades.

“Upon the other half he may make distribution of parts, by banding the various crops with border-lines of China or Refugee

beans; and he may split the whole crosswise, by a walk overarched with climbing Limas, or the London horticultural — setting off the two ends with an abutment of scarlet-runners, and a surbase of fiery nasturtium.

“There are also available and pretty devices for making the land do double duty. The border-lines of China beans, which will be ripened in early August, may have Swedes sown in their shadow in the first days of July, so that when the Chinas have fulfilled their mission, there shall be a new line of purple-green in their place. The early radishes and salads may have their little circlets of cucumber-pits, no way interfering with the first, and covering the ground when the first are done. The early Bassano beets will come away in time to leave space for the full flow of the melons that have been planted at intervals among them. The cauliflower will find grateful shade under the lines of sweet corn, and the newly-set winter cabbages, a temporary refuge from the sun, under shelter of the ripened peas. I do not make these suggestions at random, but as the results of actual and successful experience.

“With such simple and orderly arrangement, involving no excessive labor, I think every farmer and country-liver may take pleasure in his garden as an object of beauty; — making of it a little farm in miniature, with its coppices of dwarf-trees, its hedgerows of currants and gooseberries, and its meadows of strawberries and thyme. From the very day on which, in Spring, he sees the first faint, upheaving, tufted lines of green from his Dan-O'Rourkes, to the day when the dangling Limas, and sprawling, bloody tomatoes are smitten by the frost, it offers a field of constant progress, and of succes-

sive triumphs. Line by line, and company by company, the army of green things takes position; the little flowery banners are flung to the wind; and lo! presently every soldier of them all—plundering only the earth and the sunshine—is loaded with booty.



THE TOWN OF SINGAPORE, 1847, AS IT APPEARED IN
THE YEAR 1847.

1847

VII.

VIEW FROM HILL OVER FARM-FLAT.

THIS view is from the Edgewood Road (indicated in the ground-plan) upon the hills in the rear of the house.

The farm-flat lies below, and in the distance New Haven and East Rock. Mr. Rockwood's camera has done its work well; but distant views are always disappointing in photography. I am sorry to have to record the demise of the old cow "Spot," whose portrait appears in the foreground, and who was an honor to her kind and sex.

In reference to the flat below, I continue to quote from the "Farm of Edgewood."

"It is a different matter with the eighty acres of meadow which lie stretched out in view from my door. There, at least, it seemed to me, must be a clean, clear sweep for the furrows. Yet I remember there were long wavy lines of elder-bushes, and wild-cherries, groping beside the disorderly dividing fences. There were weakly old apple-trees, with blackened, dead tops, and with trunks half concealed by thickets of dwarfish shoots; there were triplets of lithe elms, and hickory-trees, scattered here and there;—in some fields,

stunted, dragged cedar-bushes, and masses of yellow-weed ;— a little patch of ploughed land in the corner of one enclosure, and a waving half-acre of rye in the middle of the next. The fences themselves were disjointed and twisted,—the fields without uniformity in size, and with no order in their arrangement.

“ In looking over the scene now, I find no straggling cedars, no scattered shoots of elms ; the wayward elders and the wild-cherries—save one protecting and orderly hedgerow along the northern border of the farm—are gone. The decrepit apple-trees are rooted up, or combed and pruned into more promising shape. Ten-acre fields are distributed over the meadow-land, and each, for the most part, has its single engrossing crop.

“ As I look out from my library-window to-day—and the learned reader may guess the month from my description—I see one field reddened with the lusty bloom of clover, which stands trembling in its ranks, and which I greatly fear will be doubled on its knees with the first rain-storm ; another shows the yellowish waving green of full-grown rye, swaying and dimpling, and drifting as the idle winds will ; another is half in barley and half in oats—a bristling green beard upon the first, the oats just flinging out their fleecy, feathery tufts of blossom ; upon another field are deep dark lines, beneath which, in September, there are fair hopes of harvesting a thousand bushels of potatoes ; yet another shows fine lines of growing corn, and a brown area, where a closer look would reveal the delicate growth of fresh-starting carrots and mangel. All the rest in waving grass ; not so clean as could be wished, for I see

tawny stains of blossoming sorrel, and fields whitened, like a sheet, with daisies.

“If there be any cure for daisies, short of a clean fallow every second year, I do not know it; at least, not in a region where your good neighbors allow them to mature seed every year, and stock your fields with every strong wind, afresh.

“Heavy top-dressing is recommended for their eradication, but it is not effective; so far as I can see, the interlopers, if once established, enjoy heavy feeding. A rye-crop is by many counted an exterminator of this pest; but it will find firm footing after rye. Thorough and clean tillage, with a system of rotation, afford the only security.

“It is not Burns’ ‘wee-tipped’ daisy that is to be dealt with; it is a sturdier plant—our ox-eye daisy of the fields: there is no modesty in its flaunting air, and the bold up-lift of its white and yellow face.

“I never thought there was a beauty in it, until, on a day—years ago—after a twelvemonth’s wandering over the fields of the Continent, I came upon a little pot of it, under the wing of the Madeleine, on the streets of Paris. It was a dwarfish specimen, and the nodding blossoms (only a pair of them) gave a modest dip over the edge of the red crock, as if they felt themselves in a country of strangers. But it was the true daisy for all this, and I greeted it with a welcoming franc of purchase-money, and carried it to my rooms, and established it upon my balcony, where, while the flower lasted, I made a new Picciola of it. And as I watered it,

and watched its green buttons of buds unfolding the white leaflets, wide visions of rough New England grass-lands came pouring with the sunshine into the Parisian window, and with them,—the drowsy song of locusts,—the gushing melody of Bob-o'-Lincolns,—until the drum-beat at the opposite Caserne drowned it, and broke the dream."



Forest, 1914.

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VIII.

LOOKING TOWARD HARBOR.

THE morning haze utterly forbids, in this print, a sight of the Light-house and the water, which are the great charms of the view. Yet nothing can be more delicate than the wonderful presentment of bark, twigs, and green foliage, in this admirable photograph. The effect of the morning-light, too, (it was taken at six A. M.,) is unmistakable, and is rarely fine. In looking at it I seem to see the dew upon the clover, and—in the distance—the glimmer of the sun upon the water. The view confronts us every day from the dining-room windows, and from the little southern porch where stands our bench for gossip upon the hazy evenings of autumn: no fever and ague drives us in-doors: until the light of the day is wholly gone, the little ones thwack at their croquet-balls under the great maple which is in the foreground of the picture.

The shrubbery is simply a screen from intrusive eyes upon the quiet highway which passes just beyond. In the old well (with rustic roofing) there lives a family of red squirrels, who disport themselves among the trees very much at their will, and venture even to the porch for crumbs. I shall never cease to love the squirrels, or the scene.



1891

THE FARMHOUSE

1891

IX.

ENTRANCE TO EDGEWOOD ROAD.

EDGEWOOD ROAD, of which the entrance gateway is here presented, is a new drive—open to the public two days in each week—which has been within a year past completed over the hills in rear of the homestead. The entire sweep of this drive, which commands lovely views over the Harbor, Sound, and City, may be traced upon the large lithographic print.

I think I recognize the dresses of those small people grouped at the corner of the gateway, and am quite sure the stumpy little fellow by the fence is familiar to me.

The frowning bastions of West Rock bound the view to the north, and under its skirts stands the quiet village.

BOSTON COLLEGE



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